It's not just you

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It's not just you by Beepbeepr_r_richie

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Summary:

Eddie's mum may be yelling at him, but at least she does it out of love.

It's not just you

Eddie Kaspbrak was having a terrible day. He had barely made it to school. His mother having spent the morning verging between checking his temperature, fussing about pneumonia and berating him for going out without a coat the night before. In his defence, the weather has been mild when he'd gone out the evening before, sun shining through a crisp evening. They had all gone down to the quarry, enjoying a peaceful sunset in each other's company. It had, however, turned quickly. The rain had begun when Eddie was about halfway home, it developed from a fine mist into a Derry classic downpour in a matter of minutes.

By the time he had got home, Eddie was soaked to the skin and shivering. He did his best to sneak past the open living room door, praying that his mother would be asleep in her armchair. Sonia Kaspbrak, however, had been woken by the intense downpour and had spend the last 40 minutes pacing up and down the kitchen, Eddie's waterproof coat in her clenched fist. The resulting outburst had been expected and predictable. Eddie did his best to quietly accept his mother's ranting.

It had not been any better the following morning. Although Sonia was now less enraged, she had had chance to compile an, objectively, impressive list of contractible diseases and their primary symptoms. The list which now lay crumpled at the bottom of Eddie's school backpack, agreeing to take it and watch for developing symptoms was the only way his mother had agreed to let him out of the house that morning.

"At least she cares enough to yell at you." Richie's voice pulled Eddie back to the present. He and Richie were sitting in the school bleachers, watching Bill and Stan complete their cross country.

"It's just so unnecessary Rich, honestly I just can't take her anymore. It's suffocating, just being in that house is just -" Eddie glanced over to Richie who was staring, zoned out at the floor in front of them. "Are you even listening to me? You're not are you? The one time I need you to just listen to me and you can't even -"

"What?" Richie whipped round, glaring at Eddie with something unrecognisable clouding his expression. "You think you're the only one suffering? You think you're the only one who has a shitty home? Well news flash Eds -" Eddie was taken aback by the harsh way

Richie spat out his usually endearing nickname, "you're not, maybe you should be thankful that she even worries about you at all."
Richie stood up, jarringly quickly, took his bag in one hand and left, taking the bleacher steps two at a time. Eddie sat staring after him in a dazed state. When the abject shock had worn off he slowly looked around to see Bill looking up at him from the track line, teeth worrying his bottom lip. Bill slowly made his way up the stands and sat next to Eddie, who was still frozen in place. His mind running over the expression on Richie's face, over and over until he finally placed it. Pain. It had been pain. He let out a shaky breath and turned to face Bill, tears forming in his eyes.
"W-w-what was t-t-that about?" Bill asked carefully. Eddie opened his mouth to reply when Richie's words, still bouncing around in his head, fully hit him.
"Shit Bill, I have to go, I have to find him." Eddie jumped to his feet, but Bill reached out and gently put a hand around his arm.
"S-stan's gone after h-h-him, ma-maybe you should w-w-wait a bit? For h-h-him to c-calm down?" Eddie faltered for a moment, maybe it would be best. Stan had always had a way of controlling Richie, always using the right words, the words Eddie could never quite think of.
"No, Bill I have to-" Eddie chewed at his lip, where would Richie have gone? Eddie clenched his fists unconsciously, why couldn't he think? They'd only been dating for 2 years, and he couldn't think of a single place Richie would go. Maybe Bill was right.
"E-e-eddie?" Bill's voice was full of thinly veiled worry, rising to full concern as Eddie turned abruptly and sprinted away from him, leaping down the bleacher steps and disappearing around the corner of the science block. Bill stood for a moment, staring blankly at the empty space where Eddie had been stood moments before. He blinked, briefly wondering if he'd ever seen Eddie move that fast without immediately stopping to use his inhaler, and took off after him.
The tree behind the science block. That's where he'd be, that's where he goes. Eddie rounded the corner and stopped abruptly, Bill narrowly avoiding crashing into the back of him. He had been right, a few meters in front of him he could see Richie and Stan. They were sat at the base of the tree, Richie was leaning into Stan, chest heaving, his choked sobs were audible, even from this distance. Eddie approached quietly, earning a stiff frown from Stan. Stan tipped his

head down and murmured something to Richie, who had just recovered from an intense coughing fit. He looked up slowly as Eddie knelt in front of him. Richie swallowed thickly.
"What do you want Eddie?" His voice was quiet and rough, Eddie shuffled forwards, holding his hand out to Richie.
"I'm sorry Rich, I wasn't thinking, I'm so sorry" Eddie's voice began to crack, his hand hanging in the air between them. Richie watched Eddie carefully, before gently uncurling himself from Stan and taking Eddie's hand.
"It's okay Eds, to be fair, your mum is mental." The smile Richie offered Eddie was small, the hurt still evident in his eyes, but it was a smile at least. Eddie frowned, Richie's hands were cold in his own, he reached into his backpack and pulled out a pair of gloves, another proviso for the privilege of attending school today.
"I, uh, don't think they're necessary" Stan pressed the back of his hand to Richie's forehead, which, despite his grey pallor, was unnaturally warm. Richie's reaction suddenly clicked into place. He was sick and his parents, clearly, hadn't noticed.
"Shit Rich, you're burning" Eddie frowned again, carefully pulling Richie to his feet. The taller boy wavered a little, steadied as Eddie slipped his arm around his waist. "I'm taking you home, get you in bed and watch a film okay?" Richie nodded, even the small movement making him wince. "I'm sure I've got Calpol at home somewhere." They began to walk in the direction of the school exit, leaving Bill and Stan stood at the tree.
"Calpol? Really Eds? I'm not five." The boy turned the corner and disappeared from sight. Bill turned to Stan,
"Do you think they'll ever function properly?"
"Probably not, but I guess that's what makes them work right?"

Author's Note:

> So here I go again, this was written for a tumblr writing prompt;
> "30 (“What? You think you’re the only one suffering?”) Reddie or Billverly pls"
> Enjoy this trash omg, comments are welcome and appreciated!!
> You can find me on tumblr at beepbeepr-r-richie
> xoxoxox